

A few days ago we gazed upon a dog-hero and learned his eventful story.—Three years ago, when the 11th Ohio Volunteer Infantry left Columbus, Ohio, for the seat of war, a young lady presented to Company A of the regiment a beautiful, bright-eyed spaniel. The dog was young, and became the pet of the company. The men guarded it at first as much for the bright eyes of the fair lady as for the docility and sagacity of the animal. The spaniel was named Curley, and it early formed a strong attachment for the company and shared in all its triumphs and dangers. The regiment was first thrown into Virginia, and in all of the bloody scenes of the of the Eastern campaigns—the sanguinary battles fought by McClellan—Curley followed his company, and, amid the smoke, flame, fire and carnages exhibited a coolness and bravery marked and astonishing. It mattered not where the company charged, it was followed by the faithful dog. At two different times Curley was severely wounded on the battle fields of Virginia. The members of the company kindly dressed the bleeding wounds and nursed their pet until he was again able for the march. The old 11th, with Gen. Hooker's corps, was transferred to the Army of the Southwest. At the battle of Chickamauga the faithful animal was again wounded, and separated from the regiment. The men thought that he had been killed, and gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. About three weeks after the fight the regiment was surprised to see the wounded dog come limping into camp. As soon as he found his old company, Curley exhibited the wildest joy. He was reduced almost to a skeleton, appeared to be suffering deeply.—Yet, when fondled by the men, he barked and wagged his tail with unmistakable delight. Skilful nursing and kind attention had a powerful influence on the dog, and he rapidly recruited in strength and grew much better. At the storming of Lookout Mountain the 11th Ohio aided in the gallant charge, and bravely faced the storm of leaden hail. Again Curley was unfortunate; he was severely wounded in the right shoulder by a Minie ball, from the effects of which he is now suffering. When the 11th passed through Nashville some two weeks ago, en route for home to be mustered out of the service, the faithful animal, in the bustle of the movement, was separated from the men and left behind. On arriving at Louisville the regiment offered a large reward to anybody who would recover and restore to them their idol. The reward prompted parties to make diligent search, and last evening the dog was received from Nashville at the office of Capt. Dunn, to be forwarded to Columbus, Ohio. He is still suffering from his last wound, yet wears a cheerful look.—Around his neck is clasped a steel collar—placed there three years ago—with the following inscription: "I am Company A's dog; whose dog are you? 11th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, U. S. A."

We understand that this noble hero of the canine species will be forwarded to the Governor of Ohio to-day, who intends to make him an honorary member of the capital. He returns from the battle field a "war-worn veteran," marked with honorable wounds, and with a history of which the proudest might well be proud. Noble Curley! faithful dog! the State of Ohio should gratefully cherish your memory as the noblest of your species!—*Louisville Journal.*

FRENCH OPINION OF OUR FIGHTING.—In the leading articles of the French press the greatest astonishment is expressed at the immense forces engaged, as well as the courage and endurance displayed by both sides. The general tone of these articles may be learned from the following extracts from *La Presse*:

The two great parties in America, which have been contending for three consecutive years for Union or Secession, have at last succeeded in attracting the universal attention of the Old World by the magnitude of their struggle, which surpasses anything that history has made us acquainted with. Xerxes and Darius had under their command large armies, but never did their troops contend for an entire week without giving signs of exhaustion and discouragement.

We have examples of battles lasting

three days, but in no case have battles endured longer than that time without the combatants having changed their position. Either one party or the other has remained master of the field by the flight or destruction of its enemy. It has fallen to the lot of the United States to give to the world this spectacle, as if to prove that in war, as well as in other respects, she takes the lead.

Whatever may be the result of this contest, it will leave behind it a memorable proof of the indomitable courage of the Americans. No longer can the absurd reproach be raised against the Northern army that it is composed of mercenaries. Mercenaries don't fight battles lasting an entire week.

A BLACK FLAG.—On the 3d, Gen. Stoneman, of Gen. Sherman's army, captured from the Third Texas Cavalry a black flag with a skeleton figure upon it, together with a death's head and cross bones. This flag is no myth or creation of the wild fancy of some terrified trooper, but a reliable thing now in possession of a surgeon in the General's command, and seen and handled by members of Gen. Schofield's staff. They are said to have carried it from the first. What they expect to have understood by it is easily arrived at from the remark of a member of another Texas regiment who was taken prisoner and brought to headquarters. When asked by a member of the staff if he belonged to the regiment which carried the black flag, he replied that he did not, else he should not have been brought there. It is, perhaps, needless to state that our men are reported to have taken no prisoners from the 3d Texas Cavalry.

JOSH BILLINGS' PRAYER.—From tu many friends, and things at luce ends, Good Lord deliver us!

From a wife who don't luv us, Good Lord deliver us!

From suak in the grass, and from suak in our boots, from torch-lite processions, and from all nu rum, Good Lord deliver us!

From pack-peddlers, from young folks in luv, from old aunts without money, and from kolera morbus, Good Lord deliver us!

From wealth without charitee, from pride without sence, from pedigrees worn out, and from all rich relashuns, Good Lord deliver us!

From virtue without fragrance, from butter that smells, and from cats that go a courtin, Good Lord deliver us!

From other folks' sekrets, and from our own, from mormons, and from megums and wimmin committees, Good Lord deliver us!

From pollyticians who pray, and from saints who tippie, from ri koffee, red herrings and all grass widders, Good Lord deliver us!

"OLD HUNDRED" IN CAMP.—A letter from General Sherman's army contains the following: "At early dawn this morning, ere the troops were fully awakened from their slumbers, the melodious notes of 'Old Hundred,' given forth by one of the brigade bands, rang out upon the air, and were echoed by the green-capped hills beyond. Soldiers intently occupied in preparing the morning meal stood still and listened to the melody and instinctively joined in it. It flew from regiment to regiment; brigade after brigade took it up, and, ere the notes of the band ceased to reverberate, five thousand voices were raised in 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' A moment later all was still. Breakfast was taken; and so silently did the veterans of many battle-fields break camp and fall into line that everybody remarked it, and complimented them for their conduct. I have heard 'Old Hundred' often, when the huge lungs of the organ seemed inspired with life, and a congregation joined their melodious voices, but never until to-day did I hear it sung with the full inspiration of the soul."

CAPTAIN SEMMES.—An account of the exploits of this rebel has been published in England in a periodical called "Tales of Pirates." Stories about the Flying Dutchman and the mutineers of the Bounty appropriately fill out the paper. This is the sort of fame Semmes has acquired.

OUR NEW FINANCIER.—William Pitt Fessenden, born in Bosceven, N. H., in 1806, settled as a lawyer in Portland in 1829, was elected thence to the Legislature of Maine in 1831, and has ever since ranked among the foremost men of that State. He served repeatedly at intervals in the more popular House, always with marked distinction, and in 1840 was elected to Congress and served through his term, declining a re-election. He was persuaded to run again for Congress in 1850, and received a majority of the votes, but the seat was awarded to his democratic competitor by the canvassers, and he declined to contest it. He was chosen United States Senator in 1854 by a union of Whigs and Free-Soil Democrats, and has ever since filled a seat in that body. He has for some years been the chairman of the Finance Committee, which is its first position in rank and importance.—His discharge of the duties of that post has rendered him thoroughly familiar with every question relating to the national finances.

Here is a sketch of a Sierra Leone sermon which Mr. Reade did not hear:—"My brudden, you see white man bad too much, ugly too much, no good. You want sabby how man like dat come to lib in de world? Well, I tell you. Adam and Eve dey colored people, bery handsome; lib in one beautiful garden. Dey dey hab all things dat be good. Plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, too-foo, palm wine—he-igh, too much. Den dey hab two childrum, Cain and Abel. Cain no like Abel's waver; one day he kill'm. Den God angry, and he say, Cain! Cain go hide himself; he tink him berry clever. Heigh-heigh. God say again, Cain, you tink I no see you, you bush-nigger—eh? Den Cain come out and he say, 'Yes, massa, I lib here—what de matter, massa?' Den God say in one big voice like de tunder in de sky, 'Where'm brudder Able?' Den Cain turn white all ober with fear—dat de fust white man, breddren."

ZIMMERMAN, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness.—One day the King said to him: "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man to Heaven." This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

"THREE THINGS," says the Rev. Dr. Henry, of New York, "appear to be uninjured by the Fall—the song of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the smile of infancy, for it is difficult to conceive how either of these could have been more perfect had man remained holy; as if God would leave us something pure to remind us of the Paradise we have lost, and to point us to that which we shall regain."

A FELLOW who was being led to execution told the officer not to take him through a certain street, lest a merchant residing there should arrest him for an old debt.

AN ILLITERATE farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of getting the prize."

A LATE ORDER of the War Department materially changes the allowance of clothing to privates and non-commissioned officers of the regular army. The money value of the clothing now at lowest value is an advance of about twenty-five per cent. on that heretofore given to regular soldiers. The allowance to the volunteer force has not been changed.—Another order also changes the army ration from its former standard.

THE tragedy of "Leir" was once brought out at the Tremont Theatre during a "star" engagement, at very short notice. The gentleman who played Gloster managed to say something like the author until he came to the scene where his "eyes are put out," and then he was obliged to ask permission to read the rest of his part. Stage anecdotes are generally of a doubtful origin, but this is related as a fact.—*Boston Herald.*

In the beginning of the war, a patriotic land-lady, in her desire to emulate the generosity of many city governments and other corporations in continuing the wages of absent soldiers, gave notice that if any of her boarders wished to enlist, she would allow their board bill to run right on all the time they were gone, the same as if they remained.

PUNCH gives, as one reason for Garibaldi's leaving England so suddenly, that he heard that Mr. Tupper "was coming after him to recite an ode in his honor." Another was his being pestered by the ladies for autographs and other memorials. At the time he departed, he had already consumed three mattresses in sending ladies locks of his hair.

THE following is one of the best epigrammatic retorts on record:

You men are angels when you woo the maid, But devils when the marriage vow is said.

The lover, not to be outdone, replied as follows:

The change, dear girl, is easily forgiven— We find ourselves in Hell instead of Heaven.

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